

Spirit of the Age.

THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS—REPRESENTATIVE DEMOCRACY—THE UNION AND THE CONSTITUTION WITHOUT ANY INFRACTIONS.

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Woodstock Business Cards.

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Physician & Surgeon.
WOODSTOCK, VT.
Office over the Standard Office, Elm St.
Residence on High street, with S. C. Dunham.
1645ft.

F. R. JEWETT,
DENTAL ROOMS,
Over E. N. Billings' Store.
CENTRAL ST., WOODSTOCK, VT.
Office hours: 8 to 12 M., 1 to 6 P. M.
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Druggist and Apothecary,
Stone Block, Elm Street,
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DEALER IN
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Repairing done to order.
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WOODSTOCK VT. 1622

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[1490ft] ELM STREET.

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Beef, Pork, Mutton, Poultry, Tripe, Sausages,
and Candles, and all kinds of Provisions usually
kept in a Country Market.
Terms Cash.
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Fashionable Tailor.
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Periodicals and "Kicksaws!"
at the ELM STREET BOOKSTORE.

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Stoves, Pumps, Lead Pipe and Sinks.
Job Work neatly, cheaply and promptly
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All other work in the Soap Stone line done
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WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.
1625

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SINKS, HOLLOW WARE, ROLL BAKERS,
Door Rollers, Door Roller Tracks, Corn
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Sled Shoes, chilled and common, Cart and
Wagon Boxes, Gr. m's improved Saut Mills,
Howe's Standard Scales, Gr. m's Cylinder Plow
Shares, Harrows, &c.
EP Orders solicited.
Hartland, Vt., May 1, 1871. 1484

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Marble & Granite Cemetery Works,
MONUMENTS,
TABLETS, GRAVE STONES, &c.
Hartland, Vt. (p. t. 1514)

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ELIAS F. ROYCE'S,
Fashionable Hair Dressing Rooms,
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SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPPOOING.
Hair and Beard Coloring done in the Best
Manner. Hair wove, Curled or worked in
Switches, also, Combing worked in the same
manner. Hazors Honed, etc. 34
WINDSOR, VT.

Windsor Eating Rooms!!
WM. V. SPENCER, PROPRIETOR.
Warm Meals at all Hours.
Constantly on hand a Large Assortment of
Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts,
Oysters, at wholesale and retail, and
all kinds of delicacies.
Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars,
Yankee Notions.
Corner of Main Street and Depot Avenue.
WINDSOR, VT. 1627

JOHN E. WATT,
Fashionable Tailor,
Main St., WINDSOR, VT.

ASCUTNEY HOUSE,
BY CHARLES O. DURKEE.
South End of Main Street.
WINDSOR, VERMONT. 1516

F. H. & E. P. KENDALL,
Marble Dealers and Workers.
Grave-Stones, Monuments, Tablets, etc.,
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at satisfactory prices out of the
best of material.

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE
Scotch and American Granite.
Particular attention is invited to that beautiful
Scotch Granite, for which we are agents. Every
thing pertaining to Cemetery work will meet with
prompt attention.
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West Randolph Business Cards.

S. F. STORRS,
Druggist and Apothecary,
Dealer in Pure Drugs, Physicians Supplies,
Trusses and Supporters, Proprietary
Medicines, Toilet and Fancy
Articles, and all kinds of Cigars
and Tobacco, Sperm
Candles, &c., &c.
Physicians' Prescriptions
accurately prepared.
62nd Motto—"Nimble Skispenne."
W. Randolph, Vt., May 29th, 1872.

M. L. SCOTT, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician & Surgeon.
West Randolph, Vt.

MANSION HOUSE,
West Randolph, Vt.

F. B. DUNTON, Proprietor.
For Permanent and Transient Boarders.
Suites of Rooms for boarders. Free Coach
from the Depot. This House is very pleasant,
with large and commodious rooms, and
long, wide double verandas. Fine spacious
Dancing Hall in the House. Good Stabling
for Horses. Rooms can be secured by Tele-
graph. 1653ft

JULIUS GLADDING,
FASHIONABLE
Hair Dresser and Tonsorial Mani-
pulator.
WEST RANDOLPH, VT. 6

J. W. HALE,
Photographer and dealer in picture
frames.
Agent for several of the most popular "Cab-
inet Organs."
Rooms in Wires' Block,
9m3 WEST RANDOLPH, VT

ROLFE & LAMB,
Carriage & Sleigh Manufactory,
West Randolph, Vermont.
Carriages and Sleighs of all kinds, and of the
best quality and styles, on hand and made to
order.

The best White Oak and Hickory Timber
will be used, and all my carriages and Sleighs
will be ironed in a neat and thorough manner
with Norway and Swede Iron.—Now carriages
now ready for sale. 96ft

G. D. BLANCHARD, M. D.,
Surgeon Dentist, DuBois' Block,
96ft WEST RANDOLPH VT.

NEW FIRM.

DANIELT & MYERS, (at the shop
formerly occupied by B. S. Thompson),
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware,
Pumps, Lead Pipe and Sinks,
Cook, Parlor and Box Stoves,
Hollow Ware, &c., &c.,
Have-Spouts put up on the most reasonable
terms and on short notice.
62nd Particular attention given to Tin Roof-
ing and General Job Work.

The Two Brides.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

I saw two maids at the Kirk,
And both were fair and sweet,—
One in her wedding robe,
And one in her winding-sheet.
The choristers sang the hymn,—
The sacred rites were read:
And one for life to life,
And one to death, was wed.
They were borne to their bridal beds
In loveliness and bloom,—
One in a merry castle,
The other a solemn tomb.
One on the morrow woke
In a world of sin and pain;
But the other was happier far,
And never awoke again!

A Valentine Factory.

A stroll through a Valentine factory is somewhat disenchanting. The dainty, delicate missives, "beautiful as love and fragrant as roses," with which the stationers' windows burst into radiance in the depth of winter, properly speaking, not to be manufactured at all. They ought to be the creation of some magic wand, or at least should be the work of fairy hands, and should be imported from a region of moon-lit groves, pale flowers, perfumed fountains, and aerial lyres.

This however, is not precisely the origin of valentines. The inquisitive explorer who visits the premises of a manufacturer of these fancy goods just now, for the purpose of seeing the process from beginning to end, may perhaps be conducted, in the first place, into a barely furnished apartment, occupied by five or six silent individuals, who might as reasonably invoke the inspiration of Venus as Sophocles might that of Melpomene.

These are the artists of the establishment, and this somewhat cheerless apartment is the fountain head of pictorial sentiment. They are not a particularly sentimental looking group, either. It is of course impossible to say what silent raptures may be trembling beneath those white blouses of theirs; but viewed from the outside, these artists have a decidedly sedate and matter of fact aspect, and apart from special inspiration, might be supposed to have outlived the tender passion. At least one of them clearly has done so, and is devoting the experience of gray hairs to the castigation of youthful follies by means of burlesques.

He has a sheet of white paper and a stick of charcoal, and is engaged in producing the rough draught of a very large young lady, with a very small bonnet, a crinoline, and an infinitesimal dog.

Another is engaged upon a very clever little water-color sketch of an amorous subject, while a third has before him a similar sketch which he is lithographing—that is, drawing with ink or chalk on a slab of stone, preparatory to its being printed by the lithographic process.

In the next room this printing is being carried on. Brawny armed mechanics are turning out a strange medley of lovers and bowers, flowers, birds hearts, and arrows, bachelors and pining spinsters.

Some of the sheets produced at the presses in this room are now cut up into sections, and handed over to the superintendent of the valentine makers. Others have to be embossed. For this purpose the engraving of a steel plate is necessary, and this often entails a very serious expense. It is not by any means unusual for a plate, no longer than a sheet of note paper, to cost twenty guineas. The parts of the design to be brought out in relief are engraved in soft steel, which is then hardened and thus fitted to sustain a pressure of several tons.

In the next apartment these plates are being used. An operative sits in a hole in the floor, beside a very powerful screw press, worked by means of a beam six or eight feet in length, at the end of which are globular masses of iron, designed to increase its momentum. The picture to be embossed is laid upon the steel plate, and placed in the bed beneath the screw, which is then brought down with a terrible thump. There are several of these presses at work in this room, one or two being engaged in the embossing of lace-paper, which enters largely into the composition of valentines.

The lace paper, however, as it leave these presses, still requires to be

perforated, and the way in which this is done is curious. The embossing-plate is fixed upon a bench; a sheet of paper which has been impressed by it is laid upon it and carefully though expeditiously adjusted, and is then subjected to a vigorous rasping with a large flat file, wrapped in sand paper. This rubs away every portion of the paper which is supported by the projections in the plate beneath, and, of course, when the sheet is turned over, the parts of the design which were merely depressions have become holes.

Specimens of the entire productions of printers, embossers and perforators, together with foreign importations in the shape of ribbons, feathers, shells, and ornaments of various other kinds, are now spread upon a table, presided over by one or two clever young women, upon whom devolves the duty of designing the valentines.

The object they have to aim at is, of course, the production of the greatest possible variety of striking and pleasing effects by the combination of the materials before them, and the most successful are adopted as patterns for the other hands.

Nothing, it is said, can be more capricious or whimsical than the selections of the public in any matter of taste, and in the case of valentines this is especially observable. Very frequently the particular designs which the most experienced of manufacturers would pronounce to be triumphs of taste and originality prove utter failures in the market, and the great hit of a season may be some production which barely escaped the waste basket.

Only a very rash and inexperienced maker, therefore, will produce any great amount of stock until orders come in. Travelers and their sample-books are already abroad, however, and the production of the goods now in order is rapidly being proceeded with. Here is a large room fitted up with long benches, and occupied by some scores of girls of various ages. Each girl has on one side of her a pile of incomplete valentines, and on the other a heap of little objects of some one kind, which it is her duty to add—little bunches of flowers or glittering mottoes, or aching hearts, or breaking hearts, or trusting hearts, or hearts transfixed by arrows, or it may be a heap of unfolded little Cupids. The audacious little god is unceremoniously picked up on the point of a gum-brush, thrust up into the brightest of blue skies, and the sheet is passed on ready for the next stage, each girl usually adding only one feature to the general design.

The poetry of valentines is a study, and so, perhaps, would the poets be if they could conveniently be got at. They, however, are not kept on the premises, and it is to be feared that they have not participated in the general progress of the business; for the experience of the shop-keepers is rather against the effusions of the bard.

The longer the poem the more time is occupied in reading it, and consequently the longer it takes to serve a customer. What with the study and discussion of artistic embellishments and poetical effusions, it is sometimes found to take no small portion of a day to serve a sixpenny customer. Condensed feeling, therefore, compact and concentrated emotion, combined, of course with sparkle and originality, is what is required of the "Seven Dials Poet," and for such of his lucubrations as are accepted threepence a line is the usual remuneration. Not such very bad pay either, one is apt to think, until it is considered what brain engorging and paroxysms of poetic rapture have probably been expended in spinning unavailable yards upon yards for every line that finds acceptance, to say nothing of the time he may have to spend in seeking out those who are open to purchase lines of any kind—Exchange.

—Some days ago we mentioned that Nebuchadnezzar was the first Granger, but we find we were incorrect. A Cincinnati paper sets us right by informing us that Eve, who made a reputation in the apple business, and who broke up A-dam monopoly, was the first to patronize husbandry

—A genius is popularly supposed to be one who can do anything but make a living.

A Singular Case.

A singular case has recently occurred in California. A man in San Bernardino county, is legally living with two wives. After a marriage of ten months, wife number one arrived with three children. Explanations being satisfactory, the two wives lived harmoniously together, each claiming only a half interest in the husband. The scandal led to a prosecution, the relationship of number one not being known. He proved that she was his lawful wife, and the suit was abandoned. A suit was then brought against him, for unlawfully living with wife number two. He was acquitted under the law, which declares that "the marriage of a person having a husband or wife living, is void, unless such former husband or wife living was absent and not known to such persons to be living for five years immediately preceding such subsequent marriage—in which case the subsequent marriage is void only from the time its nullity is adjudged by a proper tribunal." He was then prosecuted for bigamy, but the law provides that no person shall be held guilty of bigamy whose husband or wife has been absent for five successive years without being known to such persons as being living? So he again escaped. A fourth suit was finally brought to dissolve the second marriage. That failed because not brought by one of the interested parties. They were appealed to, but refused to take action. So there the matter stands, and everybody is in a state of bewilderment, while the man and his two wives continue dwelling together in peace and happiness.

A Curious Will.

An Irishman, named Dennis Tolam, who died at Cork, possessed of considerable wealth, in the year 1869, left a singular will, containing the following testamentary dispositions: "I leave to my sister-in-law four old stockings, which will be found under my mattress, to the right. Item: To my nephew, Michael Taries, two odd socks and a green night-cap. Item: To Lieutenant John Stein, a blue stocking, with my red cloak. Item: To my cousin, Barbara Dolan, an old boot with red flannel pocket. Item: To Hannah, my housekeeper, my broken water-jug." After the death of the testator, the legatees having been convened by the notary to be present at the reading of the will, they, as they were named, shrugged their shoulders and otherwise expressed a contemptuous disappointment, while parties uninterested in the succession could not refrain from laughing at these ridiculous, not to say insulting, legacies. All were leaving the room, after signifying their intention of renouncing their bequests, when the last named, Hannah, having testified her indignation by kicking away the broken pitcher, a number of coins rolled out of it; the other individuals, astonished at the unexpected incident, began to think better of their determination, and requested permission to examine the articles devised to them. It is needless to say that, on proceeding to the search, the stockings, socks, pocket, etc., soon betrayed by their weight the value of their contents, and the hoard of the testator, thus fairly distributed, left on the minds of the legatees a very different impression of his worth.

AFTER HER TOOTH.—A lady in Knoxville, Tenn., had a front tooth put in on a pivot. Lately the tooth became loose, and the other day, while out in the yard feeding her chickens, she sneezed hard when the tooth fell out and was at once swallowed by one of the chickens. The lady kept her eye on that same chicken, and as soon as possible, effected a capture, when she felt of the craw until she discovered a substance she took to be her tooth, and taking a knife, the craw was opened at that place, the tooth taken out, and again closed with needle and thread, and the chicken released. The chicken is still living and well, though full of resolution never again to swallow a tooth, while the lady sports a full set of teeth again.

A man shot a woman in Washington city the other day for a claim of twenty cents. We hate to deal harshly with an erring fellow-being, but we can't help saying that a man, who would shoot a woman for anything less than a dollar and a half is probably not the christian gentleman he ought to be.

"Who Put Dat Money on Dat Ace?"

The recent plan of our enlightened Secretary of the Treasury for resumption payments with a teapotful of silver halves and quarters, to be paid out in sums not exceeding five dollars to each bill-holder as long as they lasted, reminds us of an incident said to have occurred in a small faro bank, kept by a colored gentleman in St. Louis at the beginning of the war. The proprietor, a haughty old house servant from Virginia, who had somehow got his freedom and had strayed Westward, although his capital was small and his banking house a humble shanty in the suburbs, inspired immense awe in the crowd of blacks who came to woo chance under his roof by wearing a terrible frown, a suit of seedy black, a vast shirt collar, and a ruffled shirt, to which last garment the boldest African mind surrendered at discretion. The stakes, as may be imagined, were exceedingly small, being nicely proportioned to the meager capital of the bank, and ranging from half-dimes to quarter-dollars, the last being the highest that was ever permitted. The son of the proprietor acted as dealer, while the dignified sire paced the room during the evening sessions and kept general oversight of the gamblers. One evening a couple of army officers induced their black servant by the present of a small fee to smuggle them into this bank, where whites were not commonly tolerated, and providing that facile mental with ten silver dollars, instructed him to put them on the ace. The proprietor, who was absorbed in spelling out the news from the evening paper, had not observed the entrance of the strangers nor the queer turn the game had taken. Presently, however, he lifted up his eyes and spied the fabulous pile of specie glittering over the painted cards. For a moment he was struck dumb, but recovering his voice he cried out, in a voice of thunder: "Who put dat money on dat ace? There was a dead silence. The trembling darkies were all afraid to answer. "Who put dat money on dat ace?" repeated the outraged son of Guinea. There was still no answer, and he went on: "Whoever put dat money on dat ace, had better take dat money off dat ace and be dam quick about it, too. You niggahs mus' think thah's some of these here Roffschites round dis bank."—N. Y. Sun.

A Peculiar Mare and an Obstinate Man.

The New York Sun tells the following: "The McMann Mare" was a beast of extraordinary speed and endurance. Like most rare animals, whether brute or human, she was eccentric in her ways. It matters not who owned her at the time of the incident to which this article relates. Suffice it to say her owner was a sensible man and a thorough horseman, his predilection for horseflesh more than anything else having driven him into the livery business. Next to the wife of his bosom he loved the McMann mare. For this reason the mare was intrusted only to particular customers; and, when let, the person who hired was always carefully instructed as to the peculiarities of the animal. An old friend, Uncle Joe Richelien, unacquainted with the animal or her ways, and troubled with an impediment in his speech, as well as an infirmity of temper which prevented him from using any charity for living creatures of slow and tardy motion, applied to the livery-man for a horse for a journey of a dozen miles or so, taken for the purpose of bringing his wife home from her father's. The contract was made as follows:

"I w-w-want a horse—a good 'un—one thah'll s-s-s-start the minute you s-s-sa-say 'Pw-pwh-pwhist,' a-an-and'll go like thunder.

"Snit you, I guess," was the reply. "We-we-well, out with her, then." The mare was put between the shafts of a nice light buggy, her harness thoroughly adjusted by the owner, the reins carefully laid over the dashboard, and the usual chapter of advice was begun concerning her management.

"O, g-g-git out with your directions. I can drive, I guess; I own the fastest power alive, here," interrupted

Uncle Joe, and picking up the reins he sprang for the seat, but landed heels up on the buggy's bottom. The mare was off; but the driver, being game, had command, as he thought, through recovery of the lines, upon which he pulled as though resolved "to do or die." A slight smile was visible on the demure face of the stable-keeper as the vehicle receded from view at a breakneck speed, and nothing more was known until the next day, when Uncle Joe made his appearance with the mare, but without his wife. As he drove up a cloud overspread his face as he saw the stable-keeper at the stable door.

"W-w-w-what k-k-kind of an incarnate b-br-brute d'dye ca-call this?" "Best horse in the stable."

"W-w-well, I started for D—."

"Yes, I know it."

"W-w-well, before I could stop I went to H—(thirty-five miles); drove back this morning. You k-know my father's door yard—half a mile wide?"

"Yes, well!"

"W-w-well, old man, br-br-brother Jim, hired man, and visitor besides t-t-tri-tri-tried for hours to get w-wi-wife into the wagon and couldn't do it; t-t-t-the pl-pl-plaguy critter danced college hornpipes all r-round, an-an-and over some of us, but not a passenger could we get in."

"How did you get in?"

"Tell you. Old man's foxy as Mace. Told me to take her out. I did. Told me to g-g-get in. I did, and after I got in they hitched the mare, and he-he-here I be. W-w-wouldn't give a Spanish dollar for the mare, though she did come the twelve miles in f-f-forty-two minutes."

"Why?"

"Look at my hands."

They were one blister. The stable-keeper smiled. "If you had listened to me all this would have been avoided; allow the lines to remain untouched until you are seated, and she never starts till you tell her. Drive her with a slack rein and she will go as slow as you desire."

From the Dawson, [Ga.] Journal.

Sambo's Tax Receipt.

A negro living in a neighboring county having been fortunate enough to accumulate considerable of this world's goods, desired, as all loyal subjects should, to pay taxes on the same. It being a new business to him, he did not know there was a proper officer for receiving tax, and concluded all that was necessary was to find a man with a white skin. Consequently he hailed the first man he met with. "Say, boss, I want to pay my tax; mus' I gib it to you? On being told it would be received by the comprehending gentleman, the negro gave him \$25, and asked if that was enough. "I suppose it is, said the white man. "Boss, gim me showin' for dat," said the negro. Again the wits of the white man were at work, and he handed the negro a slip of paper with the inscription: "As Moses lifted the serpent out of the wilderness, likewise have I lifted twenty-five dollars out of this d—d negro's pocket." Not long after this the negro net the tax collector proper. "Done paid it, boss, and here's the receipt," at the same time handing the piece of paper to the officer. He read: As Moses lifted the serpent out of the wilderness, likewise have I lifted \$25 out of this d—d negro's pocket. "Hold on boss, you read 'em wrong," ejaculated the astonished darkey, as he snatched the paper and carried it to another man, who began to read, "As Moses lifted—" Here he was interrupted by the negro, who exclaimed: "Look-a-yar; just gim me dat paper, I'm gwine to lift dat white man out'n his boots, 'for God I is." With this he left, and, not having been heard from since, it is supposed he is still looking for the white man to whom he paid his tax.

—A young gentleman at Kansas City, sent seventy-five cents to New York, recently, for a method of writing without pen or ink. He received the following inscription on a card: "Write with a pencil."

A man writes to an editor for four dollars, "because he is so terribly short," and gets in reply the heartless response, "Does I do—stand upon a chair."